

LARIAT BILL.

The Engineer's Story.
[The poet wishes to have it understood that he is not Bret Harte.]
"Well, stranger, 'twas somewhere in 'sixty-nine
I was running the 'Prisco fast express;
An' from Murder Creek to Blasted Pine,
Where high onto eighteen miles, I guess,
The road was down grade all the way.
An' we pulled out of Murder a little late,
So I opened the throttle wide that day.
An' a mile a minute was 'bout our gait.
My friend's name was Lariat Bill,
A quiet man with an easy way,
Who could rope a steer with a cowboy's skill,
Which he learned in Texas, I've heard him
say.
The bill was strong as a bumper steel,
An' it went like a bolt from a crossbow sling.
An' after Bill changed from saddle to wheel,
Just over his head in the cab it hung.
"Well, as I was sayin', we fairly flew
As we gave the curve at Buffalo Spring,
An' I give her full steam an' put her through,
An' the engine raked like a living thing.
"Then all of a sudden I got a scare—
For there on the track was a little child!
An' right in the track of the engine there
She held out her little hands and smiled!
I jerked the lever and whistled for brakes,
The wheels threw sparks like a shower of
gold;
But I knew the trouble a down grade makes,
An' I set my teeth an' my flesh grew cold.
Then Lariat Bill yanked his long lasso,
An' out on the engine crept—
He balanced a moment before he threw,
Then out on the air his lariat swept!
He paused. There were tears in his honest eyes;
The stranger listened with bated breath.
"I know the rest of the tale," he cries,
"He snatched the child from the jaws of death!
"Twas the deed of a hero, from heroes bred,
Whose praise the very angels sing!
The engineer shook his grizzled head,
And growled: "He didn't do no such thing."
He aimed at the stump of a big pine tree,
An' the lariat caught with a double hitch,
An' in less than a second the train an' we
Were yanked off the track an' later the ditch!
"Were an' awful smash, an' it laid me out,
I ain't forgot it, and never shall!
Were the passengers hurt? Lasso seen—
about—
"He killed about forty—but saved the girl!"
—Puck.

IN WIG AND GOWN.

Exposure of that "Very Superior Girl," Taylor.

Lady Hayward was expected every minute at Hayward Castle, and the great entrance door stood wide open, spite of the cold. There were three or four men servants standing in the hall, while the old gray-headed butler took up his position on the steps. Lord Hayward came and stood by him a few seconds at a time and listened for the wheels, and then went back and fidgeted about the hall, whistling to himself. Evidently he was very uneasy about something or other. No body supposed for a moment that that something or other was connected with Lady Hayward; she had never given him a moment's uneasiness. She was the most precise and perfect of women, always in the right and fully aware of the fact, and Lord Hayward, who was a very good fellow, accustomed to regard himself as not overburdened with brains, was very anxious to talk to her about something that worried him.

The house party was a large one, in fact the castle was full. But every body was upstairs, the first dressing-bell having rung. If Lady Hayward was much longer there would be no time to speak to her before dinner. Why, queried Lord Hayward, crossly, were the down trains on that crowded line always late?

Lady Hayward had been to London to see her lawyers about some urgent business, and leaving Lord Hayward to entertain the guests during her short absence, had gone alone, or rather with her maid. She had stayed the night in town in order to bring with her a new dress for a ball which was to be given at the castle the following evening.

At last the carriage dashed up to the door, driven very fast, for the coachman knew it was late. The first person who emerged from it was an exceedingly quiet looking, well dressed young woman—the maid, evidently. She quickly disappeared, and was followed by Lady Hayward, who instantly seized her husband's arm and began to scold him, no matter about what—probably because the train was late. She scolded in the most ladylike way; her voice was clear, and slightly shrill; she herself was like a pretty doll just out of a handbox; always dressed according to the latest Paris fashion, always perfectly neat and in order and quite aware of her own good looks; in manners and morals absolute perfection, and quite aware of that, too.

"I want to speak to you," said Lord Hayward, "before you dress; there's just time."
He followed her up to her dressing room, where tea was waiting on a little table by the fire. Lady Hayward's maid had just put an easy wrapper promptly ready, as if was busy getting out a dinner dress for her mistress.
"I will ring for you in a few minutes," Taylor said Lady Hayward; and the perfectly trained servant vanished at once.
"Of course whether it's that girl, after all!" exclaimed Lord Hayward; "yet it seems impossible."
"Don't talk enigmas," said Lady Hayward, imperiously; "there isn't time. What is the matter?" She was pouring out her tea as she spoke, and now began to sip it.
"More things have disappeared," said Lord Hayward, in a low voice, "and this time it's worse. The old Duchess has lost a big diamond ring, and your sister's diamond necklace is gone."
Lady Hayward put down her tea.
"Vernon, this is awful," she said.

"What are we to do?" Who can it be? It's absurd to talk about Taylor; she was with me in town."
"Ah, but we can't tell exactly what time the things were taken; she may have got rid of them in London. It was when you took her to town that your diamond brooch went."
"So it was," said Lady Hayward.
"But that makes no difference. The brooch was taken while we were away. Besides, the thing is absurd. Taylor is above suspicion, I knew the girl so well. Why, Vernon, she went with me all through France and Italy, when I joined you in Rome; we were always together, and I used to talk to her a great deal. She is a very superior girl. No; it would be most unjust to suspect Taylor."

"Well, there's no one else," said Lord Hayward, dejectedly, "except poor little Rose Manning."
"Poor little Rose Manning?" was the governess who took charge of their one little girl.
"Absurd!" said Lady Hayward. And so it was, on the face of it. They knew Rose Manning's family well; she was a lady, and little more than a child.

A silence followed, during which both looked into the fire for inspiration. All the servants in the house were born of families who had been for generations on the estate. The idea of suspecting any of them was too painful. Taylor was the only exception, and she had been with Lady Hayward two years.

"I begin to believe," said Lady Hayward, "that it is one of our guests."
"Good heavens, Kate, what an idea!"
"Can you suggest any thing else?"
"No, I can't. There's some infernal devilry at work, but, beat my brains how I will, I can't see where it comes from."

"I tell you what we must do, Vernon," said Lady Hayward, decisively. "We must be very careful, not frighten any one, and keep our own counsel. Ride over to the town early to-morrow morning and telegraph to Scotland Yard for a detective to come down disguised to the ball. There will be so many people the servants won't have time to notice him. He must stop on as a visitor till he finds out something."
"That will do!" exclaimed Lord Hayward.

"Now go," said Lady Hayward, ringing the bell for Taylor; "I must dress at once."
As he went out he met the maid in the doorway, and gave her a more curious look than usual. The result was only to give up his idea as preposterous. She had a very gentle, good face; her soft brown hair, brushed smoothly over her ears, gave it an almost Puritanical look. Lord Hayward had made something of a friend of her, and the girl had never presumed in the least upon it, but had always retained her subdued, sweet manner. Lady Hayward scrutinized her, too, during the process of dressing, but she shrunk from the thoughts in her own mind. She had grown fond of her treasure of a maid, and felt ashamed of herself for her quickly suppressed suspicions.

Early next morning the telegram was sent to Scotland Yard by Lord Hayward, who rode over alone to send it, and waited for the answer. The reply seemed to please him and he rode back in good spirits to a late breakfast. He even faced, with moderate cheerfulness, Lady Hayward's eldest sister, who was in a frightful state about her necklace. This lady was one of his pet aversions; she was not pretty or clever, like his wife, but she was more irreproachable, more moral, more perfect, and she was an old maid. Probably she was the only person in the world of whom Lady Hayward was afraid. Miss Collette was a severe censor in all things and kept her eyeglass well fixed on her younger sister, who had an important position to fill before the world. At present Miss Collette was very angry because she did not know what was being done about the thefts; and she held that she ought to have been one of the council. But Lady Hayward was obstinate; she had found out before that the exemplary Cecilia could not hold her tongue.

This extreme discretion having been observed, the Scotland Yard detective arrived, as a visitor, and no one paid any particular attention to him. He was very quiet and adopted the character of the man who does not dance, or talk or do any thing, and it answered admirably. A number of other men with superb shirt fronts hung about the doorways and looked bored; Mr. Hawk was admirably gotten up for the purpose, and had only to mingle with these others and look as bored as they. Lady Hayward was delighted at this excellent effacement of himself, and kept her eye on him with great interest. She managed to speak to him very late, when the party was breaking up. He had discovered nothing so far—not even a "clow"—and she went to bed disappointed.

Visitors at Hayward castle breakfasted, of course, at any time during the morning; but the family and household always assembled to morning prayers at 8:45, and breakfast formally began directly afterward. Mr. Hawk had learned this, and was in the breakfast room early—the only guest present. No one else turned up but Lord and Lady Hayward themselves, Rose Manning, who always appeared with her charges at this time, and the servants. Even Miss Collette was too tired to come down, though no one was stricter, theoretically, on the subject of family prayers. How grateful was Lady Hayward, half an hour afterward, that her sister had been late that morning!

The servants all came in, led by the

butler and the stately housekeeper, and Lord Hayward read prayers. Mr. Hawk sat very quietly in the shadow of a curtain.

With all decorum the servants filed out again, and Mr. Hawk did not move. The moment the door closed on the last of them he leaned over to Lord Hayward.

"My Lord," he said, "may the men servants watch the windows of this room outside for a few minutes. Don't ask me to explain, there's no time to lose."

The old butler came in at that moment carrying the silver coffee pot. Lord Hayward gave the order.

"And tell them to keep their eyes open," added Mr. Hawk. "We've got to deal with the lightest pair of heels in the Kingdom."

Lady Hayward listened and looked, her heart in her mouth. What was coming next?

"Your Ladyship," said Mr. Hawk, "may I send for your maid?" Lord Hayward rang instantly.

"Why should you suspect her?" protested Lady Hayward. "She is a most superior girl. She has traveled with me and I know her well. No suspicion must fall on her unless you have proofs."

Mr. Hawk rose and went anxiously to the door. The order had been given, but scarcely a moment had elapsed.

"Do you expect her to come in less than a moment?" asked Lady Hayward, a little crossly.

Just then Taylor appeared at the door; the butler was behind her. She came in and the door was shut, the butler remaining outside. At the first glance Lady Hayward had seen a curious look on the girl's face—one she had never seen there before. But immediately she was herself again, and now she stood before Lord and Lady Hayward and the detective, perfectly quiet, without a quiver on her face.

"John," said Mr. Hawk, "this is really very wrong of you; it is an infamous trick to have played. For two years you've been wanted, and I knew you weren't out of the country; but I'd no idea you could be doing such a thing as this."

While he spoke Mr. Hawk had approached Taylor and put a pair of handcuffs on her. There had been a little play at first; Taylor had scanned the windows and instantly saw they were guarded.

"So the game's up!" she said sullenly.

"Yes, my lady's maid, to the tune of fourteen years," answered Mr. Hawk.

"What does it mean?" cried Lady Hayward; "I can't understand!"

Mr. Hawk snatched the dainty little Parisian cap and the smooth, brown wig from Taylor's head and flung them on the floor. In an instant the gentle girl's face became a man's smooth and malleable as wax. It was not nice to look at just now. The head was covered with a dark, very, very short growth of hair.

Lady Hayward uttered a shriek and fell back into her chair.

"I'll take him off," said Mr. Hawk.

"It's too much for her Ladyship."
"Mr. Hawk! Mr. Hawk! cried poor Lady Hayward, "put on his wig and take him away as a woman. I'll give you any thing—any thing, if you'll do that!"

Mr. Hawk seemed suddenly to understand.

"Your Ladyship may depend on me," he said solemnly, and he put the wig and cap on again with the greatest solemnity.

"Vernon," exclaimed Lady Hayward hysterically, the moment the door was shut, "promise you'll keep the secret—don't tell any one, don't tell Cecilia. Vernon, are you a brute? I believe you are laughing!"—*London News.*

MORPHIAMANIA.

Formidable Increase of This Terrible Disease All Over France.

In the course of the last few years the disease which the doctors call morphiamania has made formidable headway all over France. In the capital its victims almost rival those of alcoholism. At Bellevue a great hospital has been opened for the cure, and, if possible, for the cure of these patients. Here, at least, all the symptoms of the disease may be studied, and curious statistics of its course and of the character of its victims have been collected. The disease in its present form is necessarily of recent origin. Morphia itself was only discovered in the year 1816. The cure of it is very rare. It is found that both the use and deprivation of the drug lead the victims almost inevitably to suicide, and at Bellevue there are cushioned rooms for some of the patients, and a constant watch kept on all. One is not surprised to hear that the chief sufferers are women. After women come doctors. One can see the reason of this. A few years ago the injection of morphia was almost a surgical operation. Doctors would have most opportunity and least fear of the results. Now, unfortunately, the instruments have been made so perfect that the use of them has ceased to be either painful or formidable.—*Chicago Times.*

The former manager of an unfortunate local theatrical venture was negotiating for a certain dramatic attraction to fill the following week of dates. He received a telegram from the agent of the company, agreeing to come for eighty per cent. of the gross receipts. Although staggered at first by such unheard-of terms, the Lowell manager recovered sufficiently to wire a reply in these words: "Can not give you more than sixty-five per cent. Willing to go ragged. Must eat."—*Lowell (Mass.) Citizen.*

LIFE AND WEALTH.

A Well-to-Do Man Goes North to an Effort to Find a Silver Deposit.

Antelope Charley, a noted Indian hunter and trapper, brought into the Shoshone Agency, in the northern portion of this Territory, not long ago, a human skull and a handful of silver specimens almost pure in their character. The ghastly relic and the bright silver the Indian had found in a deep mountain gorge of the Owl Creek Mountains, in the vicinity of those noted local landmarks, the Washaka Needles. The skull was lying with its kindred portions of a human skeleton, and the silver ore was contained in a moldering and rotten buckskin sack, yet held in the grasp of a bony hand. The Indian lifted the sack from the hold of the skeleton's fingers and it fell apart, the glittering ore rolling upon the ground amid the dry and bleaching bones. Antelope Charley gathered up the ore specimens, and taking the skull and ore into the agency, the Indian's tale aroused the recollections of several old-timers at the agency, and furnished the key to a half-forgotten mystery of the mountain frontier. In the spring of 1873 there appeared in the camp of a party of prospectors located in the shadow of the Washaka Needles a man well equipped for prospecting. He was a stranger and a German, and soon became known to the camp he joined as Dutch Joe. Like most of his race he was industrious and steady, and it was not long before Dutch Joe became the most indefatigable prospector of the party.

No distance was too long for him to traverse, no mountain journey too lonely for him to undertake; scaling precipices and descending into canyons, he searched the mountains far and wide for the glittering ore on whose possession he had centered the hopes of his life.

At last, late in the summer, he returned to camp one evening from one of his wild and rugged trips, wearing an elated look, and it soon became known that Dutch Joe had struck rich. Beyond a certain respect for his manner he was reticent. He was watched closely, however, and a prospector, dogging his steps from camp the day after his return, saw him take from his bosom a buckskin sack and pour it on a fair spot of soil a mass of silver specimens, whose brilliancy and evident purity took the astonished watchman's breath away. The lode those specimens came from must have been of fabulous richness. Dutch Joe was now watched closer than ever, with the intention of tracking him to the mountain treasure. But the successful prospector was wary and suspicious, and one day the spying camp found that he had eluded its interested vigilance and was gone. In vain he was searched for. Not even a trace of his departure could be found, and when a few days afterwards a furious mountain snowstorm set in the disappointed plotters were forced to abandon the hunt and bid farewell to the hope of enriching themselves at Dutch Joe's expense. But Dutch Joe was never seen or heard of afterward. He and his mountain treasure had alike vanished. The next spring came around and brought neither Dutch Joe nor any tidings of him. The belief became general that he had perished in the mountain storm immediately following his disappearance, but the story of the lost prospector was long told around frontier camp-fires, with many speculations on the value of the silver treasure, of which he alone knew the location. And now, thirteen years after his disappearance, the discovery of the Shoshone hunter comes to confirm the fate of the lost prospector. He had really perished in that winter storm, and had kept with him to the last in the grip of his horny fingers the buckskin sack, with its precious contents. A party of men went from the agency under the guidance of Antelope Charley, and gave the bones of the lost discoverer of the treasure Christian burial. A strong effort will be made to find the rich silver deposit for the sake of whose riches Dutch Joe perished amid the snows of the Owl Mountains.—*Laramie (Wyo. T.) Boomerang.*

A Good Story from France.
There is a good story told in the French War Office to the effect that for ten years a soldier was stationed in the passage-way leading to the minister's private apartments, with orders not to let people touch the walls. But no one seemed to understand why this was done. Now, a new Minister of an inquisitive turn of mind, who determined to find out the explanation of a circumstance that his fifty predecessors had never remarked. But no one could give him any light; not even the chief clerk, nor the subordinates who had been in-office half a century. But a certain door-keeper, an old fellow with a good memory, recollected that on a certain occasion a soldier was placed there because the walls had been painted, and the Minister's wife had got a spot on her dress. The paint had dried, but the sentinel had been left.—*Truth.*

The pre-eminence of Webster, Clay, Calhoun and other "giants in those days" overshadowed men who would otherwise have proved themselves masters. Ability of the first class is now dwarfed and cramped for similar reasons. Capable leaders will spring up when given an opportunity. How many of the great Generals of the late war were known outside of limited circles a quarter of a century ago? Whenever needed the man and the opportunity will step forward and shake hands.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

LOST MINE FOUND.

The Rich and Unexpected Discovery of a California Prospector.

Some of our readers are familiar with a tradition that the Jesuit fathers who once conducted the San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, San Ynez, La Purissima and San Fernando missions once successfully worked a mine located probably in what is now Ventura County. Tradition has it that the mine was worked near the beginning of the present century, after which it was covered with earth and all trace of its existence destroyed as far as possible, from which time its location has been a mystery to all but the few who worked it and were familiar with its history.

An old Indian whom the writer knew, and who died a few years ago in Santa Barbara County, aged, according to the baptismal record of Santa Barbara Mission, one hundred and five years, claimed to know where the rich mine was located, but he fully believed that he would be struck dead should he reveal it. He said that he and other friendly Indians who knew of it when the mouth was covered up and the mine abandoned, if we mistake not on account of hostile tribes, had taken a solemn oath not to let any one know the place where it was located, and that they had been assured that treachery on their part would result in sure and sudden death. He, and we believe all others who professed to know any thing about its existence, were unanimous in saying it was on the side of a mountain, and that it was a tunnel. But those who professed to know any thing concerning its location have passed away, and by many it had become to be regarded as mere tradition; and as much time, money and labor had been expended in searching for it many had come to believe its existence was mythical.

But a short time ago a professional prospector, a gentleman thoroughly conversant with the mines of Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado, tracing the Calico ledge into this county, accidentally came upon an old tunnel penetrating the side of the mountain, which he believes to be the lost Jesuit mine. He roughly estimates the length to be three hundred or four hundred feet, with the sides "caved" in various directions. The gentleman and his partner were attracted to the spot by seeing cottonwood trees growing on the side of a mountain, and after reaching the spot they found them growing in the mouth of a tunnel.

Their appearance indicated that cottonwood limbs had been placed on end at the mouth of the tunnel and covered with earth, the dampness from within having caused them to grow. But the earth caved in, and washed by the rains of probably sixty or seventy winters, exposed the tunnel which had been so effectually concealed.

Near by were found the remains of old smelting works, and a silver brick weighing about one pound, which the prospectors exhibited to us, was picked up. This prospector, who is an unusually intelligent man, first traced the Calico ledge into Arizona, then returning he traced it into Ventura County, and believes that he has found a ledge of mineral far more valuable than the Waterman or any other mine yet discovered in San Bernardino County. The specimens exhibited to us indicated rich ore, some of them carrying free gold, and if once developed may be a source of immense revenue to this county. The ledge is an extensive one and can be easily worked.—*Ventura (Cal.) Free Press.*

DIVERSITY IN STYLES.

Why Every Woman Should Study Carefully Her Face and Figure.

The diversity in present fashions enables every woman to dress well, even though her income be limited. Thought, however, must be given to the arrangement of costumes, in order that they may be in harmony with the style of the individual. Women should study face and figure, in order to select colors, forms and fabrics which will enhance natural charms or soften any blemish. The costumes now in vogue are far better adapted to the conservation of a youthful appearance than those of former years, and everyone must acknowledge that middle-aged women of the present generation in this regard are far more comely to look upon than those of years gone by, judging from their pictures. But there is, nevertheless, a certain discordant effect when the mother of grown-up children wears jaunty hats that are suitable only to fresh, young faces. Certainly when the crow's feet show about the eyes it is time to lay by the hat, becoming though it be, and assume the more matronly bonnet. Stout persons should select fabrics with designs that will give length to the figure, and they should avoid all heavy borderings. Slight women may wear full draperies and fur borderings, and the divinely tall have the widest range from which to select, but they must abjure longitudinal stripes as religiously as short or stout women should "plaids or dimensions great." A bonnet should be chosen with reference to the entire figure. In selecting one, always do so before a cheval glass, for what may be becoming to the face will often be out of proportion to the figure and style of dress. When the income does not allow the purchase of several bonnets and mantles, these important parts of the toilet should be chosen with reference to each other, and the single bonnet and cloak or jacket should be in harmony with the various dresses to be worn with them.—*N. Y. Times.*

It takes about eight dollars of Cuban money to buy a choice bat at a baseball match in Havana.

ST. JACOBS OIL FOR RHEUMATISM AND ACHES.

MAGICAL CURES.

Useless Arm Cured.
O Newark, N. J.
I was taken with severe pains in my left shoulder and right arm. I used everything without improving. My arm was becoming so stiff that I could not move it. I used St. Jacobs Oil, and before the first bottle was used I was relieved as if by magic.
WILLIAM REISSE.
Crazy with Toothache Cured.
Cullington, N. Y.
I was nearly crazy with toothache, and tried everything I could think of, but without relief. I bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and used it. In three hours the pain was gone, and in two hours the tooth was loose.
HENRY SAMUEL, JR.
Pains in the Shoulder Cured.
Cullington, N. Y.
I was awakened at midnight with severe pains in my left shoulder. I had left my office with my head turned, and I used St. Jacobs Oil, and it worked like magic. In three hours the pain was gone, and in two hours the tooth was loose.
W. F. COOK, Editor of Courier.

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CURES
ALL DISEASES OF THE
LIVER
KIDNEYS
STOMACH
AND
BOWELS
FOR SALE BY
ALL DRUGGISTS
PRICE 1 DOLLAR